

LOVE and MARRIED LIFE

by the noted author
Idah McGlone Gibson

RUTH AND CHARLES SURPRISE US

I wonder if anyone will ever see what I have written down here in this diary. I wonder if before Mary is married, I shall let her read what is in this little book.

Sometimes I think it will be a good thing for her to read it, because I am sure she would understand that all this I have written here is more or less lack of adjustment—lack of the proper education of John and me. We had come to the greatest thing in our lives, with absolutely no knowledge of it and for these last few years, we had been acquiring this knowledge through the hard school of experience. I would like very much to save my daughter from what I have suffered. I wonder if it will be possible.

I think if any other woman were to read what I am writing here, unless she had had very nearly the same experience that I have had, she would think that I was a variable and capricious sort of a person. And yet I expect I was just about the average girl who married without the slightest realization of what marriage might mean. I only knew I wanted to be with John and I fully expected that our life together was to be a kind of glorified courtship under the sanction of the church.

If I live, I shall teach Mary something of what is before her if she marries. Today, I felt as I was riding home, that I was going to be happy in the future. When John is sweet to me, I have that little hint of Paradise that marriage might be. And when he is not—I sometimes come to the point where I wish—no, no, I am sure I really never wished that it must have been my sub-conscious evil self that spoke. I'm never going to be unhappy again. I'm going to remember this wonderful hour that I have just spent with John whenever something comes up that hurts me.

All the way back to the hotel Hope was singing a wonderful song in my heart. As I passed Helen's door, she waved at me frantically and I had my chauffeur stop the motor. Helen came to me with her face alight with joy. "Katherine," she said, "I have the most wonderful news for you. I've had a letter from Ruth. She says she's coming home." I repeated stupidly. "Yes, dear," said Ruth. "I have written me a long letter. She said

that she thought that Bobby and I should be told first that she is going to marry your cousin, Charles Goodwin."

I felt a little icy grip at the heart and then I knew that it was wicked of me to feel unhappy with another woman. "Oh, I'm so glad," I said, and truly, as I said it, I was glad. "You know, Helen, that Ruth and Charles are very well suited to each other. Ruth needs a quiet, gentle, domestic man, but one who has a firm idea of justice and rights to help her bring up her children. Charles loves them all."

"Yes, Ruth wrote me," said Helen, smiling. "That she believed the fact of her ready-made family was one of the things that appealed to him. She said the children all adore him."

"I am sure that is true, for I have seen them together," Katherine, Ruth told me that Charles had told her that you were his first love, but that now that old passion had become a brotherly affection which he would always feel for you and yours. Then Ruth continued, "Do you know I am glad that I knew it and his telling it to me made me realize more than anything else that he would never have any secrets from me—I knew he had taken me into the innermost place in his heart."

"Have you told Bobby, yet?" I asked. "I was just reading the letter as I saw you driving by. Don't you think he will be pleased?" she asked wisely. "Why, of course he will be pleased. When I reached the hotel, Miss Parker met me at the door with a worried face. 'The baby isn't so well,' she said. 'I'm sending for the doctor.'"

I rushed into the room from which I had heard the labored breathing of my child. As I came in she began to choke. "Hurry, hurry, she is dying!" I said. TOMORROW—Baby Mary III.

and old, the sun shows symptoms of decay. You see the sunlight on the deep, and do not feel a single thrill; you merely feel a bitter weep, and take another, but black pill. My heart is filled with discontent as I sit here beside the sea, I've no respect for any girl who will not sneeze a round with me. The sneezes are evil for my throat and every cough gives me a shock, and I have lost the salinity that came with me to Plymouth Rock. My thoughts are all of doom and fate, and will be till from colds I'm free; I have it in my skate who will not sneeze a tune with me.

CHILDREN GET SMALL. PAY STRINGENT BEARDS. WHITE PLAINS, N. Y.—In the heart of Westchester-co. play-ground of Manhattan's wealthy, children have been working for \$2 a week, investigation here has disclosed. The children were employed stringing beads. Only the best could earn \$2 a week. State investigation has put a stop to the work for the time being at least.

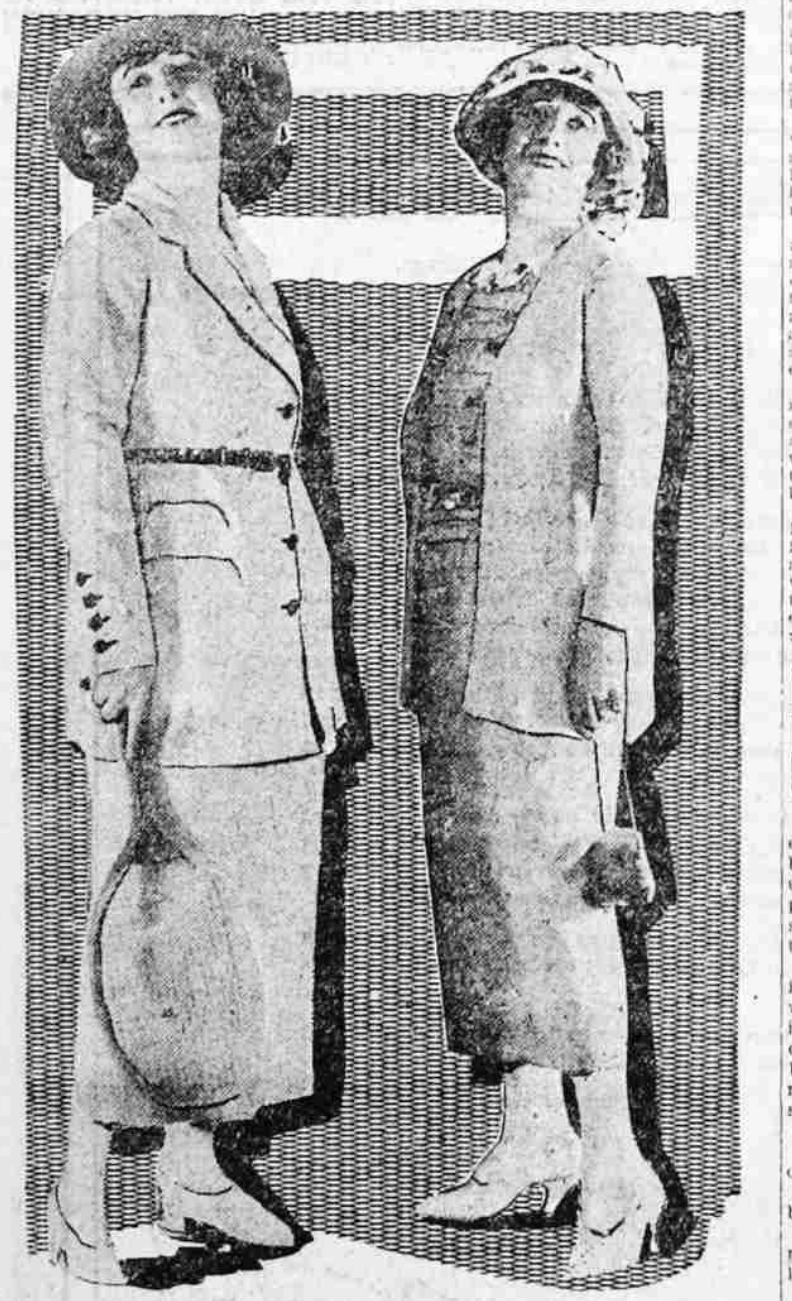
Rippling Rhymes

By WALT MASON

THE BAD COLD

I find that by the summer seas one catches colds, just as at home; oh, come, my friends, and near me sneeze, and see my whiskers decked with foam. This climate is the brag and boast, the endless pride of quite a few; but all along the sunny coast I hear men say, "Kerwood! Kerwood!" The jolly I take are black and tan, the polka is a sight to see; I do not care for any man who will not come and sneeze with me. Oh, when one has a summer cold, the old world's beauties fade away; the azure skies seem stale

White For Fall Is Fashion's Decree



BY CORA MOORE.
New York's Fashion Authority.
NEW YORK, Sept. 8.—It won't be necessary this year to pack away all light things with that "last day of summer" fashion says "wear 'em right along." So in duvety and serge for street and flannel and knitted materials for sports there is a host of new tailored suits that are as smart as ever they can be.

Here are two that illustrate the good word. Ball buttons, self-covered, and an insect band of bright red silk and white silk braid trim the one, while the other has only brown bone buttons and a narrow brown leather belt to embellish it.

While white shoes and hose are worn with these white suits, they are not compulsory. A brown hat, fur piece and brown footgear, or, in place of white, other colors such as gray or fawn and the soft blues and flesh tones are equally as effective; with dark accessories perhaps even more so.

Healthy Babies For Uncle Sam

Absolute Cleanliness, Says Children's Bureau Head, Is Best Guarantee Against Disease

BY JULIA LATHROP.

Chief, U. S. Children's Bureau.

WASHINGTON—This chart shows a group of tall black monuments to the babies who die before they are a year old. The tallest of these monuments is for the babies who die because their mothers have not had the proper care before and at the time of confinement. The second and third are for the babies who die from diseases of the stomach and bowels and from respiratory diseases—bronchitis and pneumonia.

These last two groups may be called the diseases of dirt and neglect. Unclean and insanitary surroundings, and impure or unsuitable food, are the chief causes of the diseases of the stomach and bowels; unventilated house, and improper clothing are largely responsible for bronchitis and pneumonia.

GUARANTEE AGAINST DISEASE. Absolute cleanliness is the best guarantee that a mother can give her baby against disease. From the very beginning he must have a daily bath. His clothes must be changed two or three times a day and he must never be allowed to lie in soiled or wet garments that chafe and chill. While he should be dressed warmly, he should not be dressed as warmly as if he were in constant perspiration and consequently in danger of taking cold.

Baby must have his own bed—a simple one made of a clothes basket will do, with a soft washable pad for a mattress, clean sheets, and light, warm covering. The bedding should be well-aired daily, and frequently washed. The room in which the baby sleeps should be as simply furnished as possible, without carpets and hangings to catch the dirt, and it should be kept scrupulously clean.

IMPORTANCE OF CLEAN AIR. Clean air is as important to the child as clean clothing and clean surroundings. Fresh air should be kept circulating through his room. In very cold weather it is impossible to heat the room, so the windows should be kept open, the baby should be taken to another part of the house several times a day and his room well-aired.

For the first three months of life, the temperature of his sleeping quarters should not exceed 65 degrees. Too hot is just as dangerous to baby as too cold. Day and night, will be most beneficial, if baby is well protected from damp or cold.

sleeping in a room that is quite cold, care must be taken to see that he is dressed warmly enough to prevent chills and to prevent him from throwing off his coverings. After the first month, a daily sleep in the open air, or how many hours there was in a big glass bottle, which anybody got a new every time they bought a new worth of anything, the prize being 2 tickets for the movie, and this afternoon Monday, Sunday counted the beans and Pudding Sinksley's cousin Perseus won the 2 tickets, and he was sitting on his front steps and me and Skinny Martin made up a plot to try to get him to give us the tickets by telling him the world was coming to a end, me starting it by saying, Say, Perseus, did you hear the news, it's a darn shame you won't be able to use the tickets, ain't it?

Why, why won't you use 'em? said Perseus. Gosh, didn't you hear, the world is coming to a end after supper today and you won't get a chance to use your tickets, said Skinny Martin. Aw, no, no, no, Perseus, and I said, Go on nothing, it's in the paper, I guess you haven't seen this evening's paper yet have you?

No, so, Perseus, and Skinny said, O, that explains why you didn't know about it, and I said, O, that explains the reason, and Skinny said, G, it certainly did you hear the news, it's a darn shame you won't be able to use those tickets, Perseus, you can give one to me and one to Benny if you want.

Gosh, Perseus, if it was only going to come to a end tomorrow night of today you could at least use those tickets, but now you can't, O, well, if you want you can give me one and give Skinny one, if you want.

Well, what good will they do you any more than they will me? said Perseus. Being a harder question, than what we expected, and me and Skinny got a little ways off to see if we could think up an answer.

Which we couldn't, and Perseus used the tickets himself after supper, taking Mary Watkins.

JUST FOLKS
By Edgar A. Guest

TALKIN' OF CHILDREN.
Their noise doesn't worry me half so much as I know that it's all in fun. But the minute the noise dies out an I can't hear the pitter of feet go by an' the place gets still. As it sometimes will. Then it's time for me to go out an' see just what's the matter an' where they're at.

Their noise doesn't bother me half as much as their keepin' still. I ain't disturbed by the shouts an' shrieks of their voices shrill. Let me hear the noise of the girls an' boys. An' I can tell from the sounds I hear that they're all right an' are playin' near.

But my work I drop. The minute they stop, Cor still little boys are apt to be plannin' an' plottin' some doctry. An' I've noticed this. When their shouts you miss it's time to learn what the matter is.

DEATHS UNDER ONE YEAR OF AGE, GROUPED BY CAUSES

U. S. REGISTRATION AREA-1916



In 1916 more children died from conditions related to the health and care of the mother than from bad care, bad feeding, or infectious diseases.

This chart shows relative importance of cause for deaths under one year of age.

Dorothy Dix Talks

A MAN'S IDEAL WOMAN
By DOROTHY DIX, the World's Highest Paid Woman Writer

She must be beautiful, preferably tall and slender, though an occasional man leans to what was once called the "pocket Venus," and is now spoken of in the vernacular as the "cuddle pup." No man who is not a little bit vain, however, she must have a peaches-and-cream complexion, Cindarella feet, large ox-like eyes, and hair that curls.

Furthermore, the beauty of a man's ideal woman must be of the adamantine kind that can stand the rocks and cuffs of fate without getting its paint scratched off, or behind her hair and ideal woman never grows scrawny, or nor fat. Her hair never gets grizzled or thin. She never grows old, for she has not only tested the waters of the Fountain of Perpetual Youth, she has picked herself in them.

A man's ideal woman is always exquisitely dressed in soft filmy things of delicate, pastel shades and her hair is waved and curled in that artlessly artful way that only requires a couple of hours to do, if you are a quick worker. A man may have a tickle at who howls with grief as if she had gotten his life blood, every time his wife strikes him for a hand-me-down rock, but none the less, his dream woman is always clothed in Paris creations.

He may expect his wife to cook and scrub, and wash, and tend baby, but he never looks at her bunkalow apron and work clothes, collected hands without thinking how different she is from his ideal, and that, somehow, a woman ought to be able to be a good cook and look like a lady love at the same time.

A man's ideal woman is the clinging vine. She is as spineless as a shoe string, and all that she asks of her husband is to be a good father to their children, and to be kind to her own whatever.

But she must be able to reverse roles and become the sturdy oak of necessity demands a helpful energetic capable woman in the family. Also, the clinging vine, even in her limpest moments, must have decision of character enough to deal with a family of self-willed children and fight profitably tradesmen to a stand-still.

In a word, a man's ideal woman is a flowering vine which festoons itself gracefully about his life, and so calls attention to his strength, while in private he expects it not only to stand alone and avoid becoming a burden upon him, but to prop him up.

In intelligence a man's ideal woman knows just a little less than he does. She follows at his heels like his dog, and devours hungrily and gratefully whatever morsel of his thoughts he throws to her. And she gazes reverently up into his eyes and takes her

cues from his looks convinced that he is the real fountain of all wisdom. No man can ever imagine himself marrying a woman who is cleverer than he is, or who is better informed, or who is more widely informed, or who is more of a society butterfly, or a fashion plate, or a prize private secretary, or a successful professional or business woman, but a man never visions her in his mind's eye as continuing to take any interest after marriage in the thing that was her whole interest before marriage.

His ideal woman joyfully gives up everything for the artifice of cooking things the way he likes them, and would rather turn out a batch of bread such as his mother used to make than to ride the best seller or pull off a big financial deal.

But while she spends her life in the kitchen, she never smells of the cook stove, nor does her conversation run down to red herrings and the price of butter. And, somehow, in the establishment presided over by the ideal woman there are no bills to mar the woman's serenely domestic life.

Perhaps the ideal woman grows on the back of the ideal man as a feather on his head. Perhaps the ideal woman is a conjurer who can wave a magic wand over the gas range and produce a luxurious meal out of thin air. At any rate, the woman a man sees in the smoke of his pipe never, never says, "John, the grocer says that if you don't get this out of this air, it's a darn shame you won't be able to use those tickets, Perseus, you can give one to me and one to Benny if you want."

The ideal woman is never sick, nor nervous, nor frazzled, worn out, and cross. She can be up all night walking a sick baby, and appear sweet and smiling and radiant and good-natured at breakfast waiting for a man in his office. But the ideal woman knows by intuition when a man's stomach is empty, and she can distinguish between temper and nerve, and instead of getting angry when he behaves like a spoiled baby she kisses and cuddles him and soothes him with her milk.

The ideal wife is an adoring worshipper who never gets jealous. She is a slave who hugs her chains. She doesn't mind being a slave, and she doesn't mind being a slave to her husband's freedom to wander but stays put herself. And she is the champion forgiver of the universe.

A composite portrait of her would show a picture of Lillian Russell, Theda Bara, Betty Green, and Patient Griselda. And there isn't any such person.

Sister Mary's Kitchen

Enamel and granite iron bakins dishes and stewpans often become brown and discolored in creases and under narrow flanges. When this happens instead of spending hours and scouring powder in useless scouring try this method.

Shave one-fourth of a cake of soap into a wash boiler about half full of water. Add one tablespoonful of baking soda. Put in the utensils that need cleaning and bring slowly to a boil. Let boil 10 or 15 minutes. Wash and rinse in scalding water and the stains should be removed.

MENU FOR TOMORROW.
Breakfast—Stewed prunes with lemon, waffles, syrup, coffee.
Luncheon—Corn a la Creole, cucumber salad, baked peaches, tea.
Dinner—Smothered chicken, mashed potatoes, tomato salad, peach custard, little cakes, coffee.

MY OWN RECIPES.
Tomato salad can be varied from day to day in so many ways that during the tomato season one may use them constantly and not grow tired of them. A few olives cut from the stone and chopped fine are a bit different sprinkled over sliced tomatoes.

CORN A LA CREOLE.
6 ears corn
1 small onion
2 green peppers
3 tomatoes

2 tablespoons butter
Salt and pepper
Cut corn from cob. Mince onion. Chop peppers after removing seeds and white fiber. Peel potatoes and chop. Melt butter in a frying pan. Add vegetables and cook twenty minutes. Season with salt and pepper and serve on hot buttered toast.

BAKED PEACHES.
4 peaches
4 teaspoons honey
4 teaspoons butter
Lemon juice
1 teaspoon cinnamon.
Peel peaches and cut in halves. Remove stones. Fill each cavity with ½ teaspoon lemon juice and ¼ teaspoon cinnamon. Arrange in a granite pie plate and bake 15 or 20 minutes in a hot oven. Serve on rounds of sponge cake. The whole thing, peach and cake, may be covered with whipped cream.

Perhaps the old-fashioned kitchen with an easy chair at the window will come back into vogue in these maidless days.

MOTHER'S CRY SAVES CHILD.
HOUSTON—Mrs. W. Raley, III, in bed, saw her small child play with matches and set fire to the mattress in a adjoining room. She couldn't leave her bed. Her screams called neighbors, who saved the child.

Fredric Moss

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BEDTIME STORIES

BY HOWARD R. GARIS

UNCLE WIGGILY AND THE RED SPOTS

Copyright, 1920, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate
By Howard R. Garis

Where are you going, Uncle Wiggily? asked Nurse Jane one morning, as she saw the bunny rabbit, all dressed up in his tail silk hat, getting ready to hop down off the steps of the hollow stump bungalow where he lived.

"Oh, just to take a walk and look for an adventure," replied the old gentleman rabbit. "If you want anything from the store, Nurse Jane, I can bring it on my way back."

"You can if the Pigswah or the Skeekicks don't chase you," laughed the muskrat lady, and I hope nothing like that happens. However, as it is, I don't need anything today. Take care of yourself," she called, as Uncle Wiggily twinkled his pink nose and hopped away.

"I will," he answered. "And I don't believe the Pip will bother me today after the way I splashed cake batter on him yesterday," laughed Mr. Longears.

Uncle Wiggily hopped along over the fields and through the woods and, just as he was passing a cute little house made of white birch bark with purple grapes for trimming, the rabbit gentleman heard a voice calling: "Oh, Uncle Wiggily! Wait a minute!"

"Ho! Ho!" said Mr. Longears to himself. "If that's the Pip or Skeek, I will not wait a minute, or even a second, I'll just skip right along." But when he had peered carefully around the corner of the mulberry bush, Uncle Wiggily saw that it was only Squeakie-Eekie, the cousin mouse, who was calling to him.

"Oh, it's you, isn't it, Squeakie-Eekie?" said the bunny gentleman, his heart not beating so fast now. "Come out and take a walk with me," invited Uncle Wiggily.

"I wish I could, but I can't," said the little cousin mouse. "Why not?" asked the bunny uncle. "On account of the red spots," answered Squeakie-Eekie.

"Red spots?" cried Mr. Longears. "Do you mean to tell me—"

"Oh, it's just the measles that I had," went on Squeakie-Eekie with a laugh. "I had them and I'm just getting over them. But Mother Longtail said I wasn't to go out until all the red spots had left me, and there are still two or three of them that show. So I can't come with you, Uncle Wiggily, and I'm sorry."

"So am I," spoke the bunny uncle. "I bet we might have a nice adventure together. But since Mrs. Longtail wants you to stay in, it is best to mind her. However, perhaps I can bring you something to play with. What would you like?"

"A box of paints," answered Squeakie-Eekie. "If I had a box of nice blue, green, pink and red paints I could stay in the house and amuse myself. I wouldn't mind the red spots then."

"Paints you shall have," cried Uncle Wiggily, with a jolly laugh. "I'll get them for you right away, and look for an adventure afterward."

So the bunny rabbit gentleman hopped on over the fields and through the woods until he came to a toy store kept by a nice monkey doodle gentleman, who, when he had nothing else to do, played the hand organ with his tail.

"Here you are!" cried the monkey doodle gentleman, and soon Uncle Wiggily was hopping back with a nice box of blue, green, yellow and red paints under his paw.

He had not gone very far, on his way back to Squeakie-Eekie's house, when all of a sudden it began to rain. "Oh, I mustn't let Squeakie-Eekie get wet!" said Uncle Wiggily. "How can I keep them dry? I know, I'll cut them inside my tail silk hat, since I have no umbrella."

So the bunny gentleman put the box of paints under his tail silk hat, and he put his hat on his head. Then, not minding the rain very much, he hopped on through it to get to the birch bark house where the little cousin mouse lived.

Pretty soon it stopped raining and Uncle Wiggily was almost at the house of the little cousin mouse when, all of a sudden, out from behind a bush popped the bad old Skeek.

"Ah! Now I'll get your mouse!" howled the Skeekicks and he was just going to grab Uncle Wiggily when he suddenly stopped.

"Oh, no! No you don't! You can't make me catch 'em that way!" howled the Skeek. "No red spots for me! I'll get your mouse another time!" and away he hopped.

"Hum! I wonder what he means—red spots?" said Uncle Wiggily. "Anyhow, I'm glad he didn't get my mouse." Then the bunny hopped along and gave Squeakie-Eekie her paints, taking them out of his hat.

"Oh, Uncle Wiggily! How funny you look!" cried the little cousin mouse. "You're all red spots as I was when I had the measles. I wonder if you're catching them from me?"

"Red spots. On me? That's what the Skeek said!" cried Uncle Wiggily. He looked in the glass and then he laughed. Uncle Wiggily did. "I see," he cried. "The rain ran down inside my hat a little, melted some of the red paint, and it splashed on my face. That's why the Skeek thought I had the measles—red spotted measles! Oh, ho!"

"Ho! Ho!" laughed Squeakie-Eekie. "It's a good thing he did, but I'm glad you haven't."

"So am I," said Uncle Wiggily. So he washed the red spots of paint off his face and the cousin mouse played with her box of colors and had a nice time. And if the ice pick doesn't dance a jig and poke holes in the window glass, to make it look like a coffee strainer, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and Nibbs Croaker.

—o—
The most famous salt mine in the world is at Wieliczka, in Poland, where all buildings, streets and statues are made of salt.



AS THE HOURS PASS THE COMING OF BABY DRAWS NEARER—ARE YOU PREPARED?

IT is natural to think of the expectant mother's influence upon the unborn babe. Her food, her habits, her hygiene, and even the condition of her mind, all have a part in determining the well-being or ill-being of her infant before birth.

No one can be in doubt that the months which precede birth are of vast importance for the future of the child. It is therefore necessary that the expectant mother prepare herself. Mother's Friend gives comfort to expectant mothers by softening and making elastic the muscles during the anxious months before maternity.

THREE GENERATIONS

of mothers record the virtue of Mother's Friend for not only allaying distress in advance, but for assisting nature in ensuring a speedy recovery for the mother. It renders the abdominal muscles pliant as they readily yield to nature's demand for expansion. As a result, the nerves should not be drawn upon with that peculiar wrenching strain.

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